

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 68.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1855.

PRICE 1½d.

POOR PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

SHE stopped to coax out of the gutter a small dirty urchin, struggling along with a still smaller and dirtier urchin in its arms. She certainly has the kindest and motherliest heart in the world, this matron-friend of mine. 'Oh,' she said, as we traversed the muggy and muddy London street, pausing often, as she was pitifully attracted by every form of infantile tribulation—'oh, what a life they lead, poor people's children! If we could only carry out the plan I was talking of, and set up in every parish of every large town a public nursery.'

Now the question of public nurseries happened to be the one uppermost in her benevolence at present—I was going with her to see an establishment of the kind. It attracted me as being one of the few charitable 'notions' which strike at the root of an evil, instead of lopping off a few of its topmost branches. For certainly, looking at the swarm of children one meets in such a walk as this, and speculating on the homes they spring up in, and the dangers they hourly encounter, it is wonderful how they contrive to struggle up, even to that early phase of infantile life when the children of the London poor appear on the surface of society—society which, from their very birth, seems set against them.

'Poor little wretches! How can they ever grow up to be men and women?'

'Probably not one-fourth of them do,' said Mrs —, whom I will call, after the good old Baxterian fashion—Mrs Readyhand. 'In Manchester, not one-half of the children born survive to their second year. Think of all which that fact implies!—the multitude of tender lives fading out in suffering; the array of little coffins, and tiny soon-forgotten graves. And the mothers—one knows not which to pity most—the ever-recurring pang of the loss of a child, or the gradual callousness which ceases to feel such a loss at all.'

'Such a percentage of death; and in the first year!'

'Of course; larger in the first than any succeeding. You do not know what it is to rear a young baby—the constant attention required—the infinitesimally small ills which are positive ruin to the tender thing—and which motherly care, and motherly care only, can or will avert. Why, when I have left my babies snug in their warm nursery, and gone down to speak to our charwoman, and seen her sitting in the wash-house, suckling a poor little wizened creature, fretful with pain, or drowsy with drugging—while standing by was the small seven-year-old nurse, or the worse nurse still, some dirty, drunken old crone, who was paid a

few pence for keeping the infant, and bringing it to its mother for one natural meal in the day—my dear, when I have seen all this, I have wondered that all the mothers in England, well-to-do mothers, who can afford the leisure and luxury of saving their children's lives, do not rise up, and try to establish in every town where the women have to go out to work'—

'Public nurseries?'

'Exactly,' said Mrs Readyhand. She proceeded to inform me of a plan she had for the benefit of our particular district of the metropolis, a plan that would require at least a twenty-four matron-power in its working-out—the onus of which working-out lay, and would lie apparently, on her own single pair of already well-filled hands.

I felt a certain involuntary blush at the little I did—I and the rest of us who have to use our pens instead of our hands in daily bread-winning—for the helping of what pulpit-eloquence would call 'our poorer brethren'—or sisters. Especially those our sisters whom we sometimes shrink from acknowledging as such—hard-handed, stupid-headed, dull-hearted—living from infancy a life so coarse and rude, that womanly instincts become blunted, the womanly affections deadened—till the creature sinks down to an almost brutal level, the mere drudging, suffering, child-bearing feminine of man. Child-bearing! ay, that is what makes the ineffable sadness of the case. What is to become of the children of such mothers—mothers whom nothing can exempt from the daily duty of earning daily bread? Mothers who have to toil in factories; to stand all day at washing-tubs; to go out charring, or nursing, or slop-working, or any of the nameless outdoor avocations by which women in great towns contrive to keep their families a degree above starvation. Families, whom no Malthusian laws can hinder from following the higher natural law: 'Increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth.'

Replenish the earth! With what? With lives so frail, that their necessary and swift decadence is to death. Or escaping that—passing safely by the pitfalls that lie in wait for their poor little tottering feet every day of every week, every hour of every day—what do we attain? A puny, weak, unhealthy, deteriorated race. A race of which common sense and common feeling are oftentimes fain to believe that it would have been easier for itself and its successors had it laid its baby bones among the hundreds more that pile our church-yards with tiny mounds long forgotten—for it is only the 'upper classes' who can afford to grieve and to remember.

We went on our way. It was a bright winter-noon.

Our 'district' happened to be in the paroxysms of an election, more virulently contested than is frequent in the busy metropolis. There was a polling-booth in our High Street; and all our usually quiet semi-suburban streets were frescoed with posters equally laudatory and vituperative; while dashing violently past, or standing lazily at public-houses, were partisan-cabs, well pasted over, so as to constitute at any other than election-time a series of locomotive libels. All our grown-up world was in a state of convulsion, as to whether the noble churchman or ignoble Quaker, the peer or the tradesman, should represent us in parliament: it seemed quite ridiculous that my friend and I should be devoting our attention to such a very small subject as poor people's babies.

'I suppose the election will be decided by the time we return,' said Mrs Readyhand. 'I think, if we start our nursery, I shall be inclined to beg something from the successful candidate for my poor little babies.'

'But I thought the nurseries were self-supporting?'

'Partially so. In fact, they ought to be entirely, if there were a sufficient number of babies taken in. Though I believe the Paris "crèches," from which these two or three nurseries that we have in London are modelled, were altogether commenced as charities.'

'Who first started the idea of crèches?'

'One M. Marbeau, so far back as 1844. Being appointed to investigate the Paris "asylums" (which are equivalent to our Infant Schools), and where the working-mothers are in the habit of leaving for the day their children from two years old and upwards—the simple question struck him, What becomes of the said children until they have reached the prescribed two years? And on inquiries, he found the same course pursued, and the same terrible results, that we find in every large factory-town—the inevitable separation of mother and infant during working-hours; the employment of ignorant and brutal nurses at some trifle per day; and the enormous rate of infant mortality.'

'Of course, the child's best and only nurse is its mother. The mother, during her years of child-bearing and child-rearing, ought not to labour out of her own home.'

'My dear,' said Mrs Readyhand with her soft kind smile, 'how many "ought nots" shall we find in the present condition of society: stumbling-blocks that we cannot apparently, by any human possibility, overlook or remove! Our only chance is to creep round them. This is just what M. Marbeau did. Granting—what we must grant, I fear, at least for many years to come—that the separation of the working-mother and her child is absolutely inevitable, the next best thing to be done is to render that separation as little harmful as possible. To this end, it was clear that far safer than the hands of ill-paid, ignorant, accidental nurses, would be a public institution, on the plan of the asylums, open to inspection and direction from the better-informed class—having all the advantages and cheapness of combination. And so M. Marbeau conceived the idea of a crèche.'

'And started it?'

'Yes. At Chaillot first—one of the worst Parisian suburbs; fitting up a room in the commonest way with a few cradles and chairs; choosing two poor women out of work for nurses, who were to be paid some small sum—I believe about twopence a day—by the mothers; all the other expenses being defrayed by charity.'

'The plan answered?'

'Excellent. Within two years, there were nine crèches flourishing in the poorest quarters of Paris. This was 1846; since then they have still multiplied; their influence and opportunities of good increasing in the same ratio. From a single room, they have advanced to kitchens, wash-houses, work-rooms, gardens, and even to the distribution of soups, porridge, &c., to

the poor mothers, when at stated times, generally twice a day, they come to suckle their children.'

'And for how many hours are the little creatures left there?'

'From 6 A.M. to 8 P.M., the regular work-hours of Paris—a long day, is it not? But to shew that this absence does not weaken the motherly love—very unlikely it could—I have heard it noted that on Sunday and holidays such a thing is hardly known as a baby being left at the crèche.'

'Poor mothers! how they must enjoy a day's nursing!'

'Yes; and of a healthy, merry brat, who has been all week well-warmed, well-washed, well-tended, and well-fed, instead of fretting and puling in filth, cold, and neglect; or lying stupid and sickly, dosed to death with sleeping-powders. My dear,' added Mrs Readyhand, after pausing once again to allay about the tenth case of infant wo which had caught her eyes or ears along these wretched streets in which we were now penetrating—'my dear, let political economists and philanthropists work away as much as they like among the labouring or non-labouring classes—there is room enough for us all. But for my part, I do wish something could be done for the little ones—the helpless, harmless creatures in whom lies the future of the community.'

There was great truth in what she said. Sometimes, God knows, in portions of this generation, vice and misery seem so ingrafted, that one gets hopeless of cure on this side death, and can only give back the corrupted race into His hands, believing in His final healing. But with the new generation, there is always hope. Mrs Readyhand was not far wrong when she inclined to begin at the root of things—to take care of the babies.

'But you did not tell me,' I said, 'how and when the notion of the Parisian crèches was reproduced here in London?'

'Only in three or four instances, and that of late years, and by the exertions of private individuals. One lady kept hers afloat solely at her own expense for months, and went to inspect it daily; another, a clergyman's wife, did the same. The nursery we are going to visit to-day, is attached to a Ragged School and a dissenting chapel. But each, not being known publicly enough for self-support, and dependent only on the charity of its originators, has not prospered like the crèches of our neighbours. I think,' she added, 'that is the cause of failure, if failure has been, that the question has been made too much that of sect, instead of wide Christian benevolence, which it ought to be, you know.'

'Certainly. Half-a-dozen conflicting creeds could not do much harm to a little sucking-baby.'

'Still, my dear, we must take things as they are, and try to improve them.'

Here she stopped, for we had talked ourselves out of the bearings of our course, and got into a labyrinth of poor and dirty streets. Mrs Readyhand made various inquiries for the — Public Nursery—which, however, seemed anything but public, for it was only with the aid of great patience and a friendly policeman that we lighted upon it at all.

My friend pointed to the entrance, over which was written: 'Public Nursery, Infant Ragged School, and Laundry.'

'What a combination of good things? Did you never see a Ragged School? Then we will take a peep in there first. This seems to be the door.'

Which door opening, disclosed a tolerably large and lofty room, rather dark and close it seemed to us, just passing out of the bright frosty air; and I, unused to schools, was sensible of a great oppression and confusion of little tongues, and an incessant commotion of little bodies, which only partially subsided when the

mistress, blowing a warning-whistle—her voice would have been utterly useless—despatched them to a raised succession of benches, and came forward to speak to the visitors.

She was a decent, kindly-looking soul, with a careworn, intelligent face, the mouth and chin of which indicated both the power and the habit of ruling even a Ragged School.

An Infant Ragged School! What pictures the name implies!—pictures of the very scum of babyhood, picked out of gutters, alleys, reeking cellars; wretched babyhood, from its very birth-hour entering on its only inheritance—want, brutality, and crime.

Yet here were goodly rows of small plants of humanity, ranged, height above height, in the usual fashion peculiar to Infant Schools and green-houses—tidy, clean, unrugged children—wan and sharp-visaged, to be sure, but one finds that look in every poor London child. Nevertheless, these were a decent array, sprinkled with two or three faces, bright and pretty enough for any rank or class of tiny girlhood. There might have been boys likewise; but sex was quite undistinguishable.

At the opposite end, near the fire—fenced in a safe corner by a semicircle of forms, and guarded by one or two elder girls—was a den of much smaller fry, some not more than eight-months-old infants, squatting, or crawling, or sitting bolt upright against the wall, staring right before them with an air of solemn interest.

'These are very little scholars,' said Mrs Readyhand smiling, and taking up one in her arms.

'Bless you, ma'am, they do no harm! They are as quiet as mice, and as good as gold. The elder ones bring them, and look after them; it's a great relief to the mothers to have them safe here.'

'But would they not be better in the nursery up stairs?'

'Why, you see, I let them in free, and upstairs they would have to pay; and fourpence a day is a great deal to some folk. Besides—'

Here the schoolmistress hesitated, and looked as if she could say a little more, if she would, concerning 'upstairs.'

'But you think, were it not for the payment, working-mothers would take advantage of the nursery?'

'May be—yes, I know they would. They must get the children out of the way somehow. But poor people don't easily fall into new plans; and, besides, they take things coolly upstairs. They don't do as I do with my scholars—hunt them up out of lanes, and courts, and alleys, and make them come to school.'

'Ay, that is the secret.' And I fancy my friend and I both thought of the words: 'Go forth into the highways and hedges, and *compel* them to come in.'

We had some more talk with the very sensible schoolmistress, who exhibited her charge with no small pride. Especially one—evidently her favourite—a well-grown girl of eleven or twelve, neat, fair-faced, with the brightest, most intelligent blue eyes.

'She is deaf and dumb, ladies. When she came, she knew nothing, and could not make a sound. Now, she is monitress, and can teach a class its letters.'

How this was managed, I could not understand; but the sweet-faced deaf-mute was as busy as possible, wand in hand, in the centre of a circle of small elves, who were making frantic struggles after the acquirement of a large pasteboard alphabet. And admirably she marshalled, round and round the room, the general vocal procession that followed, in which performance the deaf little maid was probably the one of the audience most to be envied.

There was another small damsel whom I could not help noticing—brown-skinned, dark-eyed, slender-limbed—of painfully precocious beauty and intelligence, the sort of creature to hang bangles on, and make an Indian princess of; or the kind of elf who, you might feel sure, appeared of nights out of a gigantic

convolvulus, or a mammoth rose, under the admirable-arranged moonlight of Messrs Grieve and Telbin, in a Haymarket extravaganza.

'To this complexion she must come at last!' thought I, watching the agile grace of her descent from the semicircle, the glitter of some foreign-looking armet on her delicate brown arm, and the evident consciousness of that, and of her own extreme prettiness, with which the poor child joined the troop of her companions, —a troop that irresistibly inclined one to parody Robert Browning's 'great-hearted gentlemen' as it went

Marching along, twenty-score strong,
Ragged-school children, singing this song—

a song which was meant to be explanatory of different trades, with imitative mechanical accompaniments, greatly satisfactory to the performers. Even the little babes in the den crept on all-fours to its outermost barrier, viewing, and clapping little dirty hands.

No—I beg pardon, excellent Ragged-School mistress! —they were *not* dirty. I never saw a cleaner, neater, wholesomer charity-school. When one thought of the horrible London alleys they came out of and went back to, their tidiness was really miraculous.

'I teach the bigger ones to mend their things,' said the mistress when we noticed this; 'and sometimes kind ladies send us parcels of old clothes, and we manage to alter and contrive. Generally, the children get decently clothed when they have been at school a little while. Besides, we give them some sort of a dinner, and it is often quite late before we send them home.'

'What homes some of these must be!'

'Likely enough. But we take all sorts; we ask no questions. You see, when they first come here, they are such little things. Nothing like beginning in time.'

'But you don't teach them all day over?'

'Bless you, no; I only let them amuse themselves, and keep them out of mischief—babies and all.'

'Ah, that reminds me we must go and see the babies upstairs,' said Mrs Readyhand, giving up the chubby boy whom she had had in her arms all this while, and who seemed very unwilling to be so relinquished.

'But would you like to question any of my children first? Here—'—following my eye, and summoning (I am not sure that if you always do this it will be advisable, Mrs Schoolmistress) that prettiest and most intelligent brown-faced maiden. She came, accompanied by a smaller and plainer sister, and answered various inquiries manfully enough, though with scarcely as many blushes as one likes to see in a child.

'My name is —; my sister's —. [I could not make out either.] We came from the West Indies. Father was a cook. [Oh, my Indian princess!] Father is dead. Mother makes soy; she sells it. She sells soy, and — [Here a long list of sauces, &c., ran glibly off like a shop-advertisement.] That is how we live. We are very poor. Yes, we like coming to school very much. We shall learn to help mother in time.' And so on—and so on.

I am about to inquire and remonstrate concerning the shiny bracelet, which looks so odd and out of place in a Ragged School. But peering into the little girl's face, a certain shyness comes over me, as if I had no business to pull the mote out of the eye of the poor man's child. Besides, she elders it with such tender protection over the little sister—and there she is, turning to pat, and looking as if she greatly wanted to cuddle, that rolly-polly fellow, who is stretching out of the babies' den, and clutching at her frock. Who knows, Ragged-School influences may end in her growing up as some kind young mistress's pretty nursemaid, instead of the gauzy fairy of Haymarket footlights, with a future of — God knows!

But Mrs Readyhand was longing after her public

nursery, so we prepared to leave the good school-mistress and her flock—the younger portion of which, my friend again observed, 'would be better upstairs.'

'Please don't say so, ma'am,' said the mistress earnestly; 'they do no harm. They are very good little things. Indeed, I couldn't bear to part with my little ones.'

'That is the right sort of woman,' said Mrs Readyhand, as we went upstairs.

It was a large room, scrupulously clean and neat. At the further end was a row of eight or ten iron swinging-cots, with mattresses and coverings. There was a coal-cellar and linen-closet, a large table, and several chairs—some for great, some for little people. The whole room was in perfect order—the boarded floor, without stain or dust. The atmosphere, rigidly sanitary and airy; in fact, rather too airy, for the fire was powerless to warm it beyond its immediate vicinity. There was a decently-carpeted hearth, a chair, a round stand, &c.; in which snug little encampment, with her tea-things laid, and her newspaper in her hand, sat—the nurse.

Now, my good nurse, I have no wish to malign you. You were a very decent, respectable, fat, motherly body, with an apron as spotless as your floor, and as smooth as your countenance. I have no doubt you know your duty, and do it, too, within its prescribed limits. But how could you sit sipping your tea, and reading your newspaper, over your cosie fire, while in the Arctic regions beyond—outside the verge of carpeting—three blue-nosed, red-fingered little nurse-maids were vainly trying to soothe or to keep in order five or six babies—from the small month-old lump of helplessness to the big unruly ten-months' brat, which is perilling its life—as every mother knows—by various ingenious exploits, about once in five minutes, all day long.

'Ladies—pray sit. Our ladies generally come of mornings. I am very glad when they do. I have a hard place here— (Betsy, do keep that child off the carpet). They don't allow me help enough—nothing like enough, ma'am. Only these three chits from the Ragged School— (Sally, can't you quiet that baby?). Indeed, ladies, you don't know what it is to look after poor people's children.'

There was a certain truth in this—a pitiful truth enough, though she did not put it so. No one, whose sole experience in the baby-line lies among the well-fed, well-clothed, well-tended offspring of the respectable classes, can see without pain the vast difference between them and 'poor people's babies.' Especially the London poor. Their pinched, wizened faces; their thin flaccid limbs, shivering under the smallest possible covering of threadbare flannel and worn-out calico; their withered, old-like expression, so different from the round-eyed, apple-cheeked simplicity that well-to-do parents love—no wonder it was rather hard to keep in healthy satisfied quietness poor people's babies. Babies, too, who from morning till night seldom or never know what it is to cuddle in warmly to the natural nest—the mother's own bosom. Of course, nothing can supply the place of that; and, of course, it must be a hard position, my respectable old woman! to be nurse in a public nursery. But surely you need not have talked so much about it, or we should have sympathised with you a great deal more.

We began to investigate the condition of the six babies—small, sickly creatures most of them—sprawling quietly on the floor, or resting open-eyed in a sort of patient languor in any position the little nurse-girls chose to place them. There was one especially which kept up a pitiful wail—not a good hearty howl, but a low moaning, as if it had hardly strength to cry.

Mrs Readyhand paused in her statistical inquiries about the nursery, which, however, were fast verging into a mild recipience of the nurse's woes.

'Ladies, you see, I haven't help enough—such a set of ignorant young chits! Sally, can't you keep that child quiet? Ma'am, it's only fractious; not quite a month old—I don't like 'em so young, but then the mother has to go out charing.'

O ye happy mothers! languid and lovely, receiving in graceful *négligée* admiring female friends, who come to congratulate and sympathise, and 'see baby'—just think of this!

My friend took the matter in her kind hands. 'Sally, my girl—isn't your name Sally?—you hardly know how to hold so young an infant. Not upright—it has not strength yet; and its little feet are quite cold. There, not so near the fire—you would scorch its poor head. Give it to me, please. Now, Sally'—And laying the child across her lap, she held its blue feet in her hands, supplying, in her own gentle way, various bits of information, verbal and practical, to the said Sally.

Nurse looked on with considerable dignity at first; but in answer to a hint about 'food,' and a commendation of the kind of infant nutriment supplied gratis by the nursery, she began busily to prepare some, and the kettle at once vacated in favour of the pap-saucepan.

Gradually, motherly experience did its work; the infant ceased crying.

'It'll begin again the minute you lay it down, ma'am. I daren't nurse the babies, else they'd never be out of my arms.'

'But they soon learn to crawl—my children do. I always let them, as soon as they can. Look, Betsy—didn't I hear nurse call you Betsy?—you have only to keep near, and watch it—see that it doesn't hurt itself, nor go too far away from the fire. This is bitter weather for little babies. And, Sally—yes, you are quite right to listen and notice; always do so when nurse or the lady-visitors talk to you, and you'll learn everything in time.'

'There's much need on't,' grumbled the head-functionary; but her subordinates heard not. They made quite a little group round Mrs Readyhand, each laden with her small charge, whom she handled very much as she would a doll or a kitten. Meanwhile, the eldest baby devoted its tender attention to me, crawling about my skirts, and taking hold of my shoe, looking up all the while—ugly, little, thin elf as it was—with that soft infantine smile which I defy any woman to resist. One could not well help giving it a toss and a dandle, and laughing when it laughed—even to the missing of many things Mrs Readyhand was saying. Not in any formal way—she abhorred all cant. I did not hear her use one of those irreverently familiar Scripture phrases which abounded rather unpleasantly on the nurse's lips, and on the walls of the school below stairs—where, I fear, their large-lettered literalness—such as, 'the blood which cleanseth from all sin,' and 'the eyes that are over all'—must have proved extremely perplexing to infant minds. But this is a question the judiciousness of which cannot well be discussed here.

And when, on our departure, she brought her kindly admonitions to a climax, by hinting that if the little damsels improved very much, she, or other ladies she knew, might possibly come and choose their next under-nursemaid out of this very Ragged-School nursery, it was really pleasant to see the blushing brightness which ran over every one of the three faces, common as they were, either prematurely sharp or hopelessly dull. But the dullest smiled, and the sharpest listened with a modest shyness, while thus talked to. It was the involuntary confirmation of Mrs Readyhand's doctrine—the only reformatory hope of the universe—the doctrine of Love.

We talked much as we went home—she and I—about this scheme; its wide possibilities of good, and

the defects—where will you not find defects in all schemes?—of its working-out.

'I object,' said I, 'to one great fact in this public nursery—the nurse. Her heart is not in the matter. She is a fine contrast to the capital Ragged-School mistress. If I were a lady-visitor, I'd bundle her off immediately.'

'My dear, you are too summary. You might not readily get a better. Her situation is a very difficult one to fill properly. Think what it requires. All the common sense and firmness of an experienced nurse—all the patience and tenderness of a mother: a perfect nurse would be perfect indeed.'

'She isn't.'

'Perhaps she only wants looking after. Most hired servants do. She needs us, who habitually think more deeply and act more wisely than is common with her class, to take an interest in her duties, and thus shew her that they are ours likewise. If this were but possible! If one could but seek out the rich idlers of our rank of life, and make their dreary, useless lives cheerful by being useful!'

'Useful to the lower rank of workers?'

'Exactly. Think of all the women whom we know, and what numbers that we don't know, who, having passed their first youth, are absolutely withering away for want of something to do. "Something to do"—that grand cry, spoken or silent, of all unmarried and unlikely-to-be-married womanhood; "Oh, if I had but something to do!"'

It was very true; I could have confirmed my friend's remark by half-a-dozen instances under my own knowledge.

'And the grand difficulty is, how to answer it. What are they to do?'

'Surely no lack of that, Mrs Readyhand. Never was there a wider harvest, nor fewer labourers.'

'Because, my dear, they don't know how to fall to work. They can't find it out for themselves, and in most cases there is nobody to shew them. So they sit moping and miserable; either scattering their money in indiscriminate lazy charity'—

'Or living dependent on fathers and brothers, with abundance of time, and little enough of money.'

'And ignorant,' pursued Mrs Readyhand smiling, 'that the best beneficence is often not money at all, but time. Plenty of people have money to spend; few have wit, judgment, and practical experience enough to spend it properly.'

'I understand. You want not merely seed, but sowers.'

'Yes; busy, active sowers. I would like to hunt them up, far and wide, and give them work to do. Work that would fill up the blanks in any home-duties they might have, yet not interfere with one; work that would prevent their feeling—as I know scores of them do—that they have somehow missed their part and place in the grand ever-moving procession of life, and have no resource but to lounge idle, or lie torpid, by the wayside, till death overtakes them.'

'That is true. You talk as if you had been "an old young lady" yourself.'

'Perhaps so—once; and my little daughters may be. Nobody knows. Now, what think you? If we could only give to all the "old young ladies," as you call them, one simple task and duty—the looking after poor people's children. Setting aside all that is done, or is found impossible to do, for the grown-up generation, and beginning with the new; beginning from the very first; in short with'—

'With a public nursery? Well, they might do worse. Many a middle-aged lady keeping house in some dull parental home, or tormented by a brood of lively juvenile sisters, might find very considerable peace of mind and loving-kindness from an occasional hour spent in looking after poor people's babies.

Then, not ending with them as babies. Following them up to childhood—planning public play-grounds and public working-grounds: I like those a great deal better than even Infant Schools. Teaching them especially—what ought to be the chief aim of all eleemosynary aid—how to help themselves. Would not this be one good way of silencing the lazy outcry about "elevating the race?" Better, perhaps, than—this sort of thing.'

She pointed to an election-cab, crammed inside and out with worthy and independent voters, glorious in shirt-sleeves and drink, shouting at the top of their voices for the successful candidate.

'Lord——has won, you see. Well, I am glad. He is an excellent young man, they say. Perhaps he may be got to take an interest in our plans. But, after all, those whom I chiefly look to for aid, are what Mrs Ellis calls the Daughters of England.'

One daughter of England—type of many more—could not help regarding with mingled compunction and respect a certain matron of England, who, she knew, taught and reared half-a-dozen children of her own, and yet managed to find time for all these plans and doings in behalf of other folks' children. And while thus talking, we passed through the heavy-atmosphered dirty streets, with their evening loungers collecting, and their evening shop-lamps beginning to flare; it was impossible not to think sadly of the great amount of evil and misery to be battled with, and the comparative helplessness of even the strongest hand; of the infinite deal to be done, and the few who can by any possibility—without contravening the great just law, that charity begins at home—find opportunities of doing it.

'Still, my dear,' said Mrs Readyhand gently, 'there is a wise saying: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." I know how little you can by any possibility do in this way; but there is one thing you can do—you can write an article.'

'I will. That some wiser head and freer hand may put into practice all these things we have been looking at and talking over. I have simply to relate facts, as they were brought under our notice.'

'That is all. And who knows what good might come of it?' said my friend smiling as we reached her door.

'Then, most certainly I will write my article.'

I have written it.

THE GHOST-LOVER.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

In Vienna, General Von Streiben, with a view to diverting his daughter's mind, took her frequently to public places, to the theatres, the Opera; received as much company at home as his means would allow; and went out often into society. In fact, in comparison with their quiet life at Stuttgart, their residence at Vienna, was a continual round of pleasure-taking. The old soldier being a man of good capacity, and a thorough citizen of the world, played this public part admirably well; and even poor Clemenza seemed to be gathering health and spirits, and to be finding out that it was not the wisest plan to pass life in seclusion and sadness.

But shortly a new turn was given to affairs, by the fact of a young gentleman, Moritz Jaclmann, the son of a banker, one of the partners of a very opulent establishment, conceiving suddenly a violent passion for Clemenza, and seeking every honourable means of ingratiating himself in her favour. He contrived that his relatives should become acquainted with her, that they might sanction his wishes; and Clemenza, being really a very charming and estimable young lady, and her father being of high—one might almost say of

European—reputation, this proved to be no such difficult matter. The general and his daughter were invited thither and thither constantly, and the enthusiastic young banker was invited to meet them. The affair was at length ripe. The young man applied in form to the father; and he had not a single objection in the world, having heard generally an excellent account of the young gentleman's disposition, talents, and prospects: he must leave it, however, entirely to his dear daughter, who had suffered much, and was still suffering from a sad bereavement, which had already cost her a husband. The young banker's relatives were pleased to find his attentions engaged by an object so worthy; and being anxious to see him married and settled, did all they could to encourage the suit. As for Moritz himself, his daily life became a fervid dream—such was the depth and strength of his passion. But another person was interested in the question as well as he—namely, Fräulein Clemenza von Streiben herself. What did she say? What did she do? Alas! she shrank back in affright, as from an unholy compact. As yet, her heart was wholly Konrad's, whether living or dead.

Now, if Konrad had been living, or if there had been any rational hope of his being so, Moritz would undoubtedly, as a man of honour, have withdrawn his suit instantly; but under actual circumstances, neither pride nor despair could induce him to do so. He would not allow his honest love and his whole life's happiness to be sacrificed to a sentimental passion for one who was, in all human probability, long ago in his grave. To his earnest remonstrances, however, Clemenza would not listen. She would not believe in Konrad's death. She cited many remarkable incidents she had heard her father relate; and declared that it would be a sin to take it for granted that he was no more, since they knew what the chances of war were, and how many a lost one had returned, even after the lapse of years. Her faithful heart was not to be won. Moritz heard, saw, admired, and despaired. This touching fidelity, this calm, immovable constancy, turned love into adoration; and in the height of his enthusiasm, he made a most romantic and generous proposal. He offered to spend a year in search of Konrad, and during the whole time, to spare no effort to find him; to go all over Würtemberg; to visit every scene of the war; to trace the course of the great retreat; to ascertain the number and names of the Russian prisoners of war; and, in short, to omit nothing which could help to discover whether his rival were living or dead. 'He cared not what he went through,' said this enthusiastic young lover, 'if he could only resolve uncertainty into certainty.' If he found Konrad, then he should have the satisfaction of having done a good deed; but if, on the other hand, he found him not, or discovered that he was indeed dead, then, at least, Fräulein von Streiben could not but consider herself released from her engagement. He was a fine, sanguine-spirited young fellow, and Clemenza was deeply touched by this extraordinary proof of devotion. She solemnly accepted the agreement, however, in the exact spirit in which it was proposed. As for the old general, he smoked his pipe over the compact, and thought the days of knight-errantry were coming back again.

With as little delay as possible, Moritz Jaelmann set forth, going first to Stuttgart, which place he meant to make the point of departure for his expedition of discovery. Once within the old city, of course curiosity and love took him directly to the now deserted residence of General von Streiben. All the blinds were shut, and it wore a most forlorn and forsaken aspect. The general's old porter still remained, however, occupying the rooms on the ground-floor, and taking care of the house. To this person, Moritz presented himself, and having delivered a message with which

he had been charged by the general, asked permission to look over the mansion. Fritz took the great bunch of keys, and opened the salons and chambers on this side and that. Like a man in a dream, half of sorrow, half of delight, Moritz moved over the enchanted ground. Here she had slept; here she had sat to work, or write, or draw; here were her plants; here was the piano, which was so happy as to offer music for her fingers; on every side was some precious memento, some spot sanctified by association. His self-allotted task demanding that he should make inquiries in Stuttgart which would occupy some two or three days, Moritz, in conformity with an offer made to him by the general, took up his quarters in the house. He now virtually commenced his search for Captain Povelski; he visited all the army offices and barracks, obtained interviews with the superior officers, and with many of the men of the captain's regiment. The answers to his questions were all so similar in purport, that he began to doubt whether it would be worth while to carry out his original intentions. Captain Povelski was dead—that was the belief of the whole Würtemberg army. A score of officers and soldiers declared that they had actually seen him as he was being carried dying off the field, having received a musket-ball in the head. Not one of them believed for a moment that he could have been saved after such injury, and under the dreadful conditions of the Russian campaign; and had the miracle occurred, they would unquestionably have heard of it. Moritz doubted whether it would be worth while to go on, after such testimony as this; it seemed like incurring twelve months' arduous labour for nothing. However, his chivalrous spirit was not to be quenched by the first check. There was doubt still: since no one had seen him actually dead, and no one knew what had become of him after he was carried to Poltusk. There was something to find out before one could be certain, after all. He would either procure satisfactory assurances of Captain Povelski's death, or discover the person of Captain Povelski himself: his whole life's happiness depended upon the one result or the other.

Full of resolves as to what he would do, and of deliberation as to how he should do it, Moritz sat smoking his pipe in Clemenza's old window-seat on the night of his second day in Stuttgart. Although early spring, it was very warm; and the young lover found his place so exceedingly pleasant, and his ruminations so interesting, that he remained there for some hours. When, by and by, he recalled his thoughts from their wanderings, it would have been quite dark, but for the unsteady glimmer of the old oil-lamps suspended across the street at distant intervals. All was still. The thoroughfares were deserted. It seemed as if the people of Stuttgart were all gone home to bed.

'Ah,' sighed Moritz, 'how often, at this self-same window, has Clemenza followed in reverie the fortunes of that lover to whom she has been so constant! Oh, Konrad! I would I had some tidings of thee! On behalf of the sweetest lady in Germany, I ask if thou art living or'—

A movement of something in the street arrested his muttered soliloquy. It was the slow waving of a thin white hand, only indistinctly visible in the dim light. Moritz looked hard to see what this could possibly mean. A tall figure was standing in the middle of the road, looking up towards the window at which he sat. Throughout his life, Moritz remembered the strange look of the upturned face, so thin, so pale, so ghastly. The figure waved its hand thrice, and passed slowly down the street. There was something curious in the movements and appearance of the night-wanderer; but Moritz was no amateur of the supernatural, so he merely supposed that it was some poor friend of the porter, who believed he saw Fritz

himself at the window. Moritz thought it strange, however, that the person, whoever he might be, uttered no sound. However, all his thoughts speedily returned to Clemenza, whose spirit he could fancy to be hovering about the old house; and as it was growing late, he went down to Fritz—whom he found in an incipient state of intoxication—procured a candle, and betook himself to bed. His dreams were all of Clemenza; of General von Streiben, whom he had so lately left; and of a Konrad Povelski, whom he had never seen. By and by, they became of a disagreeable character—something resembling the nightmare. Weird-voices, unnatural sounds, smote his ears; and his bed was tossed up and down, and from side to side. In the perturbation of distracting fancies, he groaned aloud. Now he was tossing upon a stormy sea, his bed rolling perilously upon the billows; now he was being borne rapidly through subterranean caverns, where a single hissing voice pursued him. At length, with a start and a cry, he awoke.

His bed was, in reality, being roughly shaken; and though it was pitch-dark, he could tell that there was a breathing-presence in the room. He rubbed his eyes—ran his fingers through his hair. Some one had been endeavouring to awake him then. Perhaps there was something the matter.

'Ha! is it you, friend Fritz? And is the house on fire?'

'I am not Fritz,' answered a deep and solemn voice.

'Not Fritz? Then, I suppose, you are the watchman or the fireman. To think of a drunken porter perilling the house in this way! But the smoke is not very strong; I suppose the stairs are all safe as yet.'

'There is no smoke, because there is no fire,' returned the voice, with most irritating deliberation; 'and I am neither constable nor fireman.'

'Indeed!' cried Moritz, sliding out of bed, and grasping a pistol which he had placed on the table overnight, though with little thought that he should have occasion to use it. 'Who are you, and what do you want, then? My pistol here has a couple of barrels, and there is a ball in each—do you wish anything in that way?'

A mocking laugh was the only response to this formidable inquiry.

Moritz shuddered at the unearthly sound, and began to think he had innocently become the occupant of a haunted-chamber.

'My senses,' said he, 'are tolerably sharp; I can hear where you are. Leave the room this instant, or I will fire!'

'I am beyond the power of earthly weapons,' returned the voice calmly; 'had you fifty pistols, and fifty barrels to each, you could not harm me!'

'Begone, or I will put it to the proof.'

'If it will give you any satisfaction, do so. Fire!'

'Prepare.'

'I am here.'

'You are moving—come not near me. Man or spirit, my conscience is good, my heart is firm, my hand is true; it will be dangerous to sport with me.'

'I have not moved, and will not. Again I say, Fire!'

'As you will not heed my caution—take'—

Moritz fired. In the momentary flash, he descried a tall dark figure standing on the other side of the room. The large old-fashioned pistol exploded with a loud report, and the bullet shattered the wainscot, and sent a shower of splinters into the room.

Then there was a deep silence.

The terrible suspense of these silent moments was intolerable. The nerves of the young man, wrought up to the most painful tension by his dreams, and by the presence of what seemed like a supernatural visitant, began to fail him, and he felt ready to faint beneath the influence of a species of terror he had

never before experienced since boyhood. His limbs shook; although he desired to speak, he dreaded to hear the sound of his own voice; and his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

At length there was a deep sigh from the other side of the bed. The silence was broken by the voice.

'Are you satisfied?' it demanded.

'There is another bullet,' gasped Moritz; 'begone, or I fire again.'

'If you must, do so quickly,' rejoined the voice; 'and then, perhaps, you will be content. I have something to say, and I cannot remain here long.'

'Something to say? Say on, then, whoever or whatever thou art!' exclaimed Moritz, lowering his pistol, now totally subdued and awe-stricken by the immovable calmness of his mysterious visitant.

'Be not afraid; I will not harm thee,' said the voice. 'Light your lamp, and you will see that there is nothing to fear.'

Moritz hesitated. By this time, imagination had had large scope, and had invested the visitant with a thousand spectral terrors. He dreaded to produce a light, lest his eyes should encounter some revelation—perchance so awful as to ruin memory and reason for ever.

'Light the lamp, I say, and you will see that there is no ground either for terror or anger.'

Moritz fancied there was some abatement in the awful solemnity of the tone now—something human and persuasive in the voice.

'I am a poor and broken soul—more worthy of your ruth than of your wrath,' it added.

'But why do you visit me thus?'

'I wish to ask a question.'

'Ask, in Heaven's name, and have quickly done with me!'

'At one time there was a beautiful presence in this house—glorious as an angel, and sweet as the spirit of love!—Have you seen her—Clemenza von Streiben?'

'Clemenza!' exclaimed Moritz in amazement.

'What would you with her?'

'Then you know her?'

'That do I.'

'Is she alive, and well?'

'She was so, four days ago.'

'So lately! Have you seen her so lately as four days ago?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'In Vienna.'

'Alas! what does she in Vienna?'

'She was ailing, and her father took her thither for change of air and scene, thank Heaven! or I should never have beheld her.'

'Do you love her, then?'

'Ay, that do I—love her as never mortal loved before.'

The voice was silent, but there was a deep, long-drawn sigh.

'Love her!' exclaimed Moritz again; 'what would I not go through to prove I love her? Even now I am bound upon a long and difficult enterprise on her behalf.'

'Ha! what may that be?'

'Before the war, she was betrothed to a captain in the army of Würtemberg, who has never returned, and whose fate has never been ascertained. To his memory Clemenza is still constant; and till she is assured of his death, will listen to no other suitor. I go to seek him—Konrad Povelski.'

'Alas! vain enterprise. Povelski is no more!'

'How know you that?'

'By reason of evidence stronger than any the world can furnish. I tell thee again—thy journey will be taken for nought; Povelski is no more.'

'Oh, let me hear! How do you know that? What

evidence can you give me?—what incontrovertible assurance? Let me hear—let me hear!’ exclaimed Moritz, greatly agitated. ‘If he has fallen in the war, let me know where lie his bones.’

‘In the cemetery of Poltosk they whiten, for poor Konrad is no more!’ answered the voice, in accents of such choking pathos that Moritz was touched to the heart.

‘There is some mystery here that, come what may, I will endeavour to unravel,’ he exclaimed.

Putting down the pistol, he strove to kindle a light. There were no commodious lucifers or congrues in those days, and fire was commonly produced with the clumsy machinery of flint and steel. With trembling fingers, Moritz smote the steel against the stone until the tinder in the box was ignited. A minute after, the lamp was lit, and shed its soft light over the chamber.

An exclamation of amazement broke from the young man as he beheld the form and features of his visitant. It was the same personage he had seen standing and waving his hand in the street. He had moved from the spot he occupied at the time the pistol was fired, and was now nearer the door. Behind that spot there was a gaping hole in the wainscot, that proved the destructive power of the weapon. The figure was clothed in dark habiliments; was dreadfully haggard, thin, and pale; and the eyes blazed with a light like that of insanity.

‘Why, here is no ghost, at anyrate!’ cried Moritz, his alarm changed to wonder. ‘Come here, my poor fellow. Thank God, I did not kill thee.’

‘My errand is done,’ said the visitant. ‘I have told thee Povelski is no more, and haply saved thee a toilsome journey and fruitless quest. In return, bid Clemenza von Streiben to remember the promise she made to her Konrad on the eve of his departure for the war.’

The figure turned, and solemnly performed a military salute.

‘Go not yet. Oh, my God, he is wounded!’ cried Moritz, as now, upon the stranger turning, he observed blood trickling down his right cheek. ‘I have killed him! Come here this instant, and let me see how thou art hurt.’

But before the words were well uttered, the figure was gone.

Moritz hastily put on a portion of his clothes, took the lamp, and hurried down stairs. The porter, overcome by the deep potatoes of the evening—consequent, perhaps, upon Moritz’s generosity—was sitting asleep in the passage by the concierge, the front-door being unsecured, and on the latch. Moritz went out, but could see no one in any direction; nor could the watchman, whom he awakened from a sleep as sound as Fritz’s, afford any information. He then went back, and strove to discover whether there were any traces of blood on the ground. Finding none, however, and being completely off the scent, he could do nothing but address himself to the task of cultivating patience until the morning.

As soon as daylight had returned, and people of business were astir, he caused a description of his visitant, not forgetting the wound on his right cheek, to be circulated throughout the city, offering a reward to whomsoever should produce the person described, or give any information respecting him.

An old widow woman came to him in the course of the day, with one of his proclamations in her hand. For the last seven or eight months, she said, a person whose name she did not know, but who answered exactly to the description in the bills, with the exception of the wound in the face, had been living at her house, which was in a somewhat sequestered spot about two miles from Stuttgart. He had left home the preceding evening, she said, and had not returned all night. After

further inquiries, Moritz went with the widow to her house, when she had done her marketing in the city. She said the stranger had come there last summer, looking half-starved and broken-down, and asked her to let him stay there a day or two, paying her handsomely. She was too old to be afraid of scandal, and having a whole house to herself, she consented, and gave the stranger an apartment, which he had occupied ever since. The stranger was on horseback when he came to her, but the horse was dreadfully out of condition; and though she got it placed in a paddock, it did not improve. He possessed an old suit of uniform, like that of a Würtemberg captain, which, however, she had only seen him put on two or three times. He was exceedingly taciturn, and never afforded her the least insight into his history; and as for friends, he did not seem to have one in the world. She had fancied his mind was affected: indeed, she had no doubt that such was the case; but as he was always harmless and civil, and paid her regularly, she did not take any notice of that.

Great was the widow’s astonishment and alarm to find that her mysterious lodger had left her house apparently for ever, as for several days he never returned. Moritz, after much difficulty, persuaded her to allow him to examine the stranger’s apartment. Therein, among sundry valueless articles of clothing, he found a small Bible, and on the fly-leaf was the name ‘Konrad Povelski.’ Moritz was almost at his wits’ end with excitement, curiosity, and embarrassment as to the means by which he might unravel this strange mystery. He took up his abode for the present at the widow’s house, expecting daily the reappearance of the late lodger, and meanwhile wrote to Vienna an account of what had befallen him.

In answer to his letter, came a very brief one from General von Streiben, congratulating him upon not having proceeded further than Stuttgart, and entreating him to return without delay, as Captain Povelski had been found! Astonished beyond measure, Moritz returned to his native city. Almost immediately after his arrival, he repaired to the house of the general, and there and then again beheld Konrad Povelski—for in the person of the long-lost captain he recognised his mysterious night-visitant.

The story of Konrad’s wound in the retreat from Moscow was correct: he had been actually shot in the head, and carried to Poltosk, as the soldiers had stated. The wound, however, was not mortal; the shot had been extracted, but it had produced an effect upon the brain which had deranged the intellect of the sufferer. Under the influence of a hallucination, he had escaped from the hospital, after lying there many months, believing himself to be dead, and that he was permitted to move about the world in the spirit. In that belief, he had wandered back to Stuttgart, and presented himself before Clemenza as related. When she left the place for Vienna, he had been stricken with despair, but still passed the house occasionally; and when he saw Moritz at the window, he had, under the influence, it is conjectured, of jealousy and curiosity, returned in the night, procured entrance into the house through the negligence of the porter, and roamed through the chambers until he found the one in which Moritz was sleeping. He then learned whither Clemenza was gone, and on leaving the house, set forth straightway for Vienna. He discovered where the general lived; and on presenting himself, was recognised and secured by the veteran himself—he and his daughter discovering, to their great grief, that their poor friend’s mind was in ruins.

The wound from Moritz’s pistol, though merely a graze of the flesh, had become inflamed through not being attended to, and Konrad was seized with fever, which prostrated him for some weeks; but, remarkable to relate, the effect of that wound was in the end the

restoration of his intellects, for when he arose from his sick-bed, his mind was again as sound as ever. How far this was due to the nursing of his faithful Clemenza, may be a question; but certain it is, that he awoke as one does from a morning-dream, turning away from its shadows, that leave no trace upon the memory, to rejoice in the rays of a new day. Some months later, the sufferer, being perfectly restored, resumed his position in the Würtemberg army; and when the general returned to Stuttgart, Konrad and Clemenza were married.

And Moritz Jaelmann? We do not undertake to say that his feelings were absolutely tranquil during the earlier period of the convalescence; but his remorse at having himself fired the dangerous shot, and, subsequently, the interesting spectacle of the mind of the wounded man struggling through the shadows that had so long obscured it, served to divert his thoughts in some measure from the channel in which they had been too long accustomed to flow. His convalescence, in fact, kept pace with that of his fortunate rival; and eventually the married pair had no truer friend in the world than the chivalrous and romantic Moritz Jaelmann.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ALARMING RELIEF FROM TAXATION.

THE newspapers of the United Kingdom have lately received a dreadful shock, in being informed that they could no longer be subjected to the penny-tax upon each sheet! As soon as they in some degree recovered from the first stun produced by the intelligence, they sent deputations of their number to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to represent to him the ruinous effects of his proposed measure, and entreat that they might continue to be taxed as heretofore, rather more as less; but it was all in vain. The chancellor plainly told them, that however willing to oblige them, he really must relieve them of the tax, as several important public interests depended on its removal.

For a time, a stand was made upon the idea that what he called a tax was no tax at all, but only a charge for mail-carriage—he was evidently proceeding upon an error. 'Very well, gentlemen,' said he, 'I will continue to charge a penny, as heretofore, on such sheets as you wish to be transmitted; but you will not hinder me from not charging for those sheets which are not to be transmitted.' It was most unkind. Well he knew that this was equivalent to untaxing them altogether. It was evident that this ruthless fiscal-minister had resolved on having nothing more to do with them, but was to leave them henceforth simply in the hands of the postmaster.

Deprived of the protection of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, what is now to become of the newspaper press? It is very much to be feared that news-sheets will, in future, be published in such forms and numbers as will have a primary reference, not to the interests of their makers, but to the convenience and good of that thankless monster—the public. Instead of a huge sheet at fivepence, which must be posted and re-posted amongst a club of readers, in order that the expense may be lessened to each, there will be handy sheets at a penny and twopence, which each person may have for himself, and keep and read at his leisure. Instead of being obliged to take your news once, or at the most twice a week, you will get them every morning at your breakfast. Merchants, instead of having to walk out of their way to a reading-room, and

there spend half an hour of their precious time in trying to get a glimpse of an expanded sheet through a forest of readers three-deep, will have the whole affair over in three minutes, at home, while sipping their coffee. You will be able to afford a newspaper at home, on your journeys, every where, morning, noon, and night. Small towns will now have little journals, diffusing their own special local intelligence. Bigger towns, which have hitherto had a few weekly sheets, will henceforth have their two dailies. The ludicrous contrast between Britain, with fifteen daily papers in all, and America with *three hundred and fifty*, will be at an end; and the impulse thus given to thought—the educational effect—will be enormous, and such as in time must render all minor restrictions on the advance of the national intelligence of little avail. But meanwhile as to the interests of the existing newspapers—

Alas, alas for human consistency and disinterestedness! Eight or nine years ago, we saw a proposal brought forward for liberating the bread of the body from restrictions, and a great class standing up against the scheme, because they thought they had an interest in maintaining things as they were. The newspapers, fully seeing the force of the national as against the sectional claim, fought the battle of this bread of the body most nobly; and the consequence is, that all have full food, while the sectional interest, so far from suffering, was never so prosperous. Now comes on the exactly analogous fight of the bread of the mind, and, sad to say, the same newspapers which stood for the general against the sectional in the former instance, are now using all the exploded sectionary arguments in their own behalf. They will, however, be untaxed against their will; and in a few years they will, like our once purblind agriculturists, wonder at the happy consequences of non-restriction even to themselves.

A CURIOUS MODE OF TREATING DEAFNESS.

A short time ago—January 6—we called attention to an ingenious method of treating deafness, by the use of an artificial membrana tympani, consisting of a thin disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha, the discoverer of the process being Mr Joseph Toynbee, who, as a medical practitioner, continues to apply it with success. Since perusing Mr Toynbee's treatise on the subject, a little work, purporting to be a reprint of certain articles in *The Lancet* for 1848, on *A New Mode of Treating Deafness*,* by Mr James Yearsley, has fallen into our hands, and seems not unworthy of consideration. Between the treatment of Mr Toynbee and that of Mr Yearsley there seems to be a general resemblance. In both, the restoration of hearing is obtained by a mechanical appliance; but as to which was the first thought of, we make no inquiry, neither do we seek to judge of their respective merits, for that properly belongs to professional experience. All we aim at, is a short popular notice of what appears a very simple method of restoring hearing in certain cases of deafness.

Mr Yearsley, who is a surgeon in London, mentions that, in 1841, a gentleman who had been long deaf, from disorganisation of the drum of the ear, came to consult him. This person stated that he could produce 'a degree of hearing in the left ear sufficient for all ordinary purposes;' his plan consisting of 'the insertion of a spill of paper, previously moistened at its extremity with saliva, which he introduced to the bottom of the passage.' This interesting fact suggested to Mr Yearsley a method of treatment,

* London: J. Churchill, 1853.

which, after many trials and failures, was at length successful. It consisted of inserting a small pellet of moistened cotton-wool into the ear, so as to reach a particular point in the imperfect membrane. Unless the wool was in contact with the proper spot, the hearing was not at all benefited; on the contrary, the wool increased the deafness. He says: 'It is essential to find the spot on which to place the wool, and so adjust it as to produce the best degree of hearing of which the case may happen to be susceptible. This, of course, differs according to the variety and extent of the disorganisation.' We are told, that 'a very small quantity of wool is sufficient; and that it must be moistened in some fluid without any compression, and gently pushed down the passage with the point of a probe.' The wool requires to be changed daily; and we learn that persons may acquire the art of applying the cotton themselves, by means of instruments invented for the purpose. Such is the whole of this simple expedient, which is adapted to a variety of cases wherein the natural tympanic membrane has been destroyed by disease or other causes. Mr Yearsley narrates a number of interesting cases in which deafness was alleviated; but for these, and some disquisitions on this remarkable remedy, we refer to the little book whence we have drawn our information. As all medical practitioners must now be acquainted with the inventions both of Yearsley and Toynbee, it is unnecessary for us to enter further into the subject. We would only add, that no person should attempt to apply the remedy without being properly instructed by his medical attendant.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

AFTER an agreeable voyage of fourteen days in the steamer *California* from San Francisco, in the early part of March last, we entered the large bay which leads to the city of Panama. It was necessary to pass up between islands of various sizes, yet all possessing the same character—steep hills covered with a thin brownish vegetation, fringed round their bases with cocoa-nut palms, these beautiful trees extending from highwater-mark up some precipitous ravine, till the line was broken or terminated by some intervening ridge. One of these islands at the entrance of the bay is notorious for its water-snakes; indeed, we saw two or three in the water as we steamed by. The *California* came to anchor about two miles from Panama, the water being too shallow to admit large vessels nearer. It was stated that the railway company had purchased a small island near our anchorage for a very large sum, and intended running out their road over piles to it, in order to make it their Pacific terminus.

Having engaged one of a swarm of boats which came off for the passengers, we had to strive hard against a head-wind and rough water for more than an hour. Instead of our difficulties, however, being over when we stepped ashore, we discovered many more lying in wait for us that we had not at all anticipated. As soon as the boat struck the beach, twenty black fellows surrounded us, every one seizing and carrying off portions of our luggage amidst a din of yells: it was a scene that would serve for a finish to Milton's Pandemonium. An Irish lady who accompanied us, after trying broken Spanish, beginning with 'Valgame Dios,' and ending with 'Carambo!' found the only means of relieving her mind was by scolding lustily in English; and if the niggers did not understand her language, they soon did her looks. With the greatest

exertion, we collected our scattered baggage into a heap, on which I left my wife armed with a revolver, sitting back to back with our Irish friend, whilst I ran up town to see what next could be done. It had been a busy day for Panama. Two steamers had landed their passengers from San Francisco, and two had arrived on the Atlantic side from New York with many passengers; the streets were full of travellers, and I began to despair of getting mules, or other means of conveyance, at any price. Succeeding at last, I hastened with a bevy of Indian porters to relieve the sentinels on the beach, who, I found, had valiantly maintained their position.

The next source of anxiety was our lodgings for the night. Every hotel was full to overflowing: the floors, the tables, and even the passages, were all taken. We wandered about for two hours, houseless and friendless; night was drawing his dusky mantle over the town, and the only accommodation we could hear of was at a roadside house two miles out. As we stood, undecided and hungry, at a corner of the street, whom should we meet but our Prussian friend Jacobi; he had been equally unsuccessful in obtaining a place to lay his head in; and proposed, as a last resource, that we should try to find out a German acquaintance of his, who had attended him as his physician some twelve years before in New Orleans. Little as there was in this for hope to cling to, we set out on the search. A German chemist gave us the doctor's address: he was really in existence, then, and actually in Panama. We entered the court of a large house, ascended a broad old-fashioned staircase, and were shewn into a large but comfortable room. Our situation was soon understood; and in less time than I can write it, we were rescued from our homeless and almost alarming position by the disinterested kindness of the doctor, whose name I much regret having forgotten, and his lady. Mrs. — was about setting out for a ball; but before doing so, she saw that every arrangement was made for our comfort. It appeared that Madame Pfeiffer had, a short time before, partaken of their hospitality. We had to rise at four, to be in readiness to start by daylight; and notwithstanding Mrs. — had been in bed but two hours, she was up and had breakfast ready for us. I appreciate such attentions more highly than any other: they are the very essence of kindness. They are to be compared neither with the empty phrases of society, with which so many cloak their cold-heartedness, nor with what is little better—a welcome given only when you make no calls on the personal attentions of your friends, and put them to no domestic inconvenience.

As we hastened before daylight to the mule-rendezvous, gangs of these animals clattered past us over the pavement, having just returned from a journey to Gorgona. They were to be again packed off on a similar journey, some fed and some fasting: no matter, two journeys repaid the first cost of the mule, and if he broke down or died on the road, the traveller had to get on as well as he could without him. The shabby creatures I had selected for myself and wife are the best of a group of forty or fifty; cost 26 dollars each for the ride; and, in addition to this, I had to pay 15 cents (8d.) a pound for the transmission of our luggage. It was daylight when we emerged from the walled town through one of its gates, mounted on high-peaked saddles, the riders much more anxious to get on than the ridden. Panama has a singularly antique appearance for a city in the New World, being made up of tall houses and narrow streets, the balconies of the upper stories approaching so close from the two sides of the way as almost to shut out the sky. Here you may see the women lounging over the railing, and enjoying a little chat with their neighbours. Those I saw were decidedly remarkable for

the absence of anything like good looks. There is an antiquated air about many of the Spanish-American towns, the result not only of the absence of modern improvements, but of the ruinous condition of many of the buildings; and the inhabitants appeared to have caught the ancient look, as some insects take their colour from the spot they live in. The suburbs of Panama consist of thatched cottages, and extend along the road for a mile, with pine-apple or agave-hedges, and gardens of oranges and cocoa-nuts or other palms. As we rode on, we saw women at almost every door lustily pounding their breakfasts in large wooden mortars, the material being 'guessed' by a fellow-traveller to be 'mighty hard.' Most of these people were very dark, and many evidently a cross between the Indian and negro. Escaping at last from human habitations, we exchanged a wide and level road for one tortuous and hilly, often contracting so much that only one mule could pass at once; the tall trees frequently arched across the way, and beautiful tropical plants clothed the banks in endless variety. As we trotted on in single-file, a rider would often, from a sudden turn in the road, become completely isolated from the rest, and might have been knocked down and dragged aside by robbers without being seen by his companions. The large stones with which the road had in many places been originally paved had worked out, and it presented even now, in the dry season, a surface as little easy to describe as it was to travel. Many of the steep ravines passing between clefts in the rocks, had been worn by mules' feet into a sort of winding staircase with hollow steps.

We now first met the van of those emigrants on their way to California, who had arrived at Aspinwall a day or two before from New York; the majority of these were females, almost all sitting astride on the saddle—a far easier mode of travelling for indifferent riders than on the common side-saddle. All kinds of 'fixings' were worn by these temporary Amazons; but the most fashionable kind of head-dress was a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with the front tied down over the nose with a string. For three or four hours we were meeting a continuous stream of people, with the invariable inquiry: 'How far is it to Panama?' Many were obliged by poverty to walk, and we more than once passed a lone woman with a heavy child in her arms, and with probably all her worldly goods tied up in a handkerchief. At one place we found a woman, with four children, lying on a bank: she had missed her husband, and for fear of being too late for the steamer, had managed to walk with these young creatures—having set out on the previous morning—more than seventy-five miles, with no more food or shelter than what had been charitably afforded her by travellers at the roadside-huts. These houses of entertainment—merely thatched roofs stuck upon poles—are met with every five or six miles; and the airy style of their architecture is probably suggested by the warmth of the climate. A huge calico sign, however, informed you that they were nothing less than 'hotels;' and I must say that the best glass of London stout I ever relished, was drank at the Union. Excepting these places, there are no vestiges of human habitation or of cultivation to be seen. Seldom do you obtain from the road a peep at the country at all; and then all that is visible consists of mountains thickly covered with forests. We by this time began to experience the greatest nuisance on the whole journey—baggage-trains of mules, driven from behind, trotting on with large and heavy boxes overhanging their saddles, and in narrow parts of the road dashing against everything before them. I was twice knocked over by these packages; and a lady we met, carried in a palanquin, had just had her leg broken by them. A very pretty accident was shortly afterwards avoided, through the trappings of my mule chancing to be worn out. I had

just entered a ravine, so narrow that it was necessary to keep one's legs well under the mule's belly, to prevent their hitching in the rocks, when I was suddenly confronted by a well-mounted lady. We both pulled back lustily; but the mules, having no mouths, probably thought it meant *go on*; and on they did go, till legs and saddles came into collision, and things became thoroughly desperate—when snap went my girth, and I quietly slid, saddle and all, over the mule's tail. I looked round for the fair champion who had thus overthrown me, and had the gratification to see her make me a smiling adieu as she disappeared behind a mass of rock.

At last we caught sight of some smoke in a distant valley, and soon the note of the steam-whistle cheered our drooping spirits. After several ups and downs over a track just cleared through the woods, and some plunges through stagnant water in the valleys, we reached the railway terminus near Gorgona. Forget, ladies and gentlemen, for one moment, all such places as the Great Western, North Western, or any other terminus, and picture to yourselves the following items:—A large open space, covered with tired travellers and worn-out mules; a long train of carriages or cars, extending along the single rail, partly filled with passengers; and a long wooden-shed, the hotel, into which we were delighted to have the privilege of entering. The gratification we experienced on at last reaching an advanced post of civilisation was intense. It was past three o'clock, and having eaten nothing since the morning, we were anticipating a hearty dinner—when already, before accomplishing the demolition of some vermicelli-soup, the railway-bell called us away. The train started well; and we were told that two hours would take us to Aspinwall, where the steamer *George Law* awaited us. We soon had a view of the Chagres river, up which deadly stream all passengers had to boat it till the railway was thus far completed. There lay the wreck of a small steamer and a broken barge; and a little further on, some railway-cars bottom upwards. The accident indicated by the latter was a very trivial one, we were told: it occurred yesterday, and only a few persons were killed. We now ran over a piled roadway, with the swamp some twenty feet below us on each side. It is said that the number of labourers, principally Irish, who have perished in making this part of the road, is so great, that the cars might, like that of Juggernaut, pass the whole distance over their bodies. But the course of American railways seldom does run smooth; and with us, after a series of bumps, which knocked the passengers together, the train came to a stand-still. We had run off the line; but had fortunately pulled up in time to avoid a repetition of yesterday's little accident. It grew dark, yet we had to sit, hour after hour, waiting for relief from Aspinwall, with nothing to quench our thirst but the swamp water below, which we dared not touch. One passenger 'wished himself home with his poor old mother, with only a corn-cake to eat;' and another amused us with a relation of his smart dealings in crossing the Isthmus. It appears, that instead of giving up his hired mule at the end of his journey, he had relet her to a passenger proceeding back to Panama, and had not only paid his expenses, but gained a few dollars by the smart transaction. As soon as it was dark, the wild beasts began to entertain us with their cries: one big fellow, probably a puma, occasionally roared so as to make the car-sashes rattle; and this was kept up within a few feet of us, until the relief-engine came up with its joyful note. Our roaring acquaintance, on hearing the steam-whistle, evidently thought this second lion a bore, for we heard him rush away through the jungle, with doubtless his tail between his legs. After sundry delays, we were glad to reach Aspinwall at midnight, and to recruit our weariness in a large and handsome hotel.

In concluding this rough account of a rough day's journey, when it is remembered that we had, as travellers, everything in our favour—the healthy dry season, fine cool weather, and more than half the distance across (some fifty-five miles) in railway-cars—how pitiable must have been the condition of those who crossed the Isthmus in the wet and sickly season, when the passage took three days! How many have I seen in California laid low by the Panama fever, who were shovelled out of the crowded ships to die, with the implied, if not expressed remark, the sooner the better! Unfortunately, almost all who arrived at San Francisco were penniless, and most of those who had any strength attempted, therefore, to push on to the Diggings; and it was wonderful to look on the determination and indomitable energy of men—haggard and shaking with fever and ague—who had nothing to trust to but the charitable kindness of the doctor and the generosity of the hotel-keeper. The Panama Railway is a great undertaking; and although thousands of lives have already been sacrificed to it, the results of the enterprise, when completed, will be greater, when contrasted with the previous mode of travelling, than those of any other railway in the world.

We reached New York after a delightful voyage of nine days—touching at Jamaica—in the *George Law*. Both the ship and its captain deserve the highest commendation.

DEPOSIT-BANKS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

BANK! What is a bank? In Bailey's old dictionary, a bank is defined to be a place where there is a great sum of money taken in, and let out to use, returned by exchange, or otherwise disposed of for profit. When we hear of the Bank, what are the ideas the word conjures up? Images of Milner's patent safes, Chubb's patent locks, doors incased in iron, and all the ingenious implements which thieves have invented to render such precautions useless; folding-doors swing slowly and heavily before our eyes; and pale phantoms clerk it gravely behind mahogany counters; while visionary heaps of gold and silver, and copper scoops to dig into the precious store, and piles of precious notes, dazzle our imagination. But all this gives the idea of a bank that has received its highest development; let me inquire what have been its antecedents.

Who has not seen the little imitation-house—to be bought in any toyshop for a penny—with 'Savings-Bank,' like a large sign-board, over its front, and a slit cunningly contrived at the back to receive the superfluous pence of the owner? Once on a day—in the days of bare legs and short frocks—was I myself the mistress of such a depository for my unemployed wealth; and having put my first penny therein, I thought of a surety I had laid the foundation of an inexhaustible mine. Then did I place the pasteboard edifice on the mantle-piece, resolving to eschew bull-eyes, sugar-candy, lollipop, and every other possible attraction, in order to increase the board to an extent so vast and visionary that I am afraid to mention it. And then, alas! did my resolution fail me; and before the day arrived for the payment of my second weekly penny, after vainly shaking the edifice that I might withdraw my first deposit, I accomplished my purpose by ruthlessly breaking my first bank.

Time fled, and the gifts of friends were no longer in copper: shillings and half-crowns found their way into my purse, and on one or two grand occasions I remember having been blest with the possession of a whole sovereign! These were treasures too vast to remain in my own keeping. I must have a banker as well as a bank. 'Mamma' was elected to the office by unanimous consent, and I gave my capital into

her hands to keep for me. And well did mamma discharge her trust: she, in fact, keeps the fund to this day—at least, I never set eyes again upon my precious gold.

One of my old school-fellows boasts that she has money 'in the bank;' but says so with so mysterious a laugh, that I thought fit to seek an explanation a few days ago. It seems she heard, when a child, her father talk of his banking transactions; so she also placed her superfluous pelf in a very secure place—so very secure, indeed, that she has never found it again. It was literally in a bank, however, and a very sweet one too; for in spring-time it was green with the dark leaves of the violet, and perfumed with its flowers; it was carpeted with moss, and had wild rose-bushes for a wall, ready set with prickles to wound those who might approach too near the treasure. This was the only bank she knew anything about; and there, with perfect faith in her talent for business, she buried her money, where it still remains at her credit.

I have read that the soil of India is a bank of deposit on a larger scale. An immense quantity of gold flows into the country, but not an ounce flows out; and as even the national fondness for trinkets is insufficient to account for the circumstance, it is supposed that the persons who bank their treasure in the earth—another custom of the country—in very numerous instances die, and make no sign.

We have all read and heard of such ordinary concerns as oaken-chests, secret-drawers, hidden recesses, and cellars with wonderful doors, fastened by cunningly concealed springs, which occasionally have taken in the owner of the gold himself, to keep in deposit till the universal winding-up. We have all heard, too, of thrifty housewives who make a bank of the toe of one of their husband's yarn hose. It was only last week I read of a miserly lady, who used an old boot for the like purpose.

Old maids are proverbially particular about their banks. An acquaintance of mine, who died a good many years ago, was of this class. Everybody knew she had a large store of cash, but nobody knew where her bank was situated, or what was the name of her banker. It chanced that the house in which she lived was pulled down, to make room for a more substantial modern building; so the lady removed, with all her goods and chattels, to the residence of a farmer in the neighbourhood. Among other queer matters, an old box containing bits of iron, and various trumpery odds and ends, was transported to the temporary dwelling of the lady. At the owner's request, it was placed, unlocked, as it was, in one of the outhouses; and there it remained unheeded until the new house was completed. Then the old box, with its worthless contents, was also removed, much to the amusement of the bystanders, who laughed in their sleeves at the spinster's eccentric fancy for old iron. Only a few months after she died, however, beneath the worthless rubbish at the top of the box were found three thousand guineas. This box was the old lady's bank. I have always thought she had some logic in her soul.

A few years ago, I chanced to be on board a steam-boat, where was also a remarkably ragged Irishman. Some of the passengers, pitying his apparent destitution, bestowed alms on him; and one, whose delicacy was shocked by the condition of Paddy's nether-garments, or what might once perhaps have been entitled to the name, unlocked his valise, and gave him a decent pair of trousers. Our ragged friend was soon denuded of the 'thing of shreds and patches' that hung about him, and inducted into the improved habiliments. Loud were his exclamations of gratitude for the gift, and many the blessings he showered on the head of the donor. These demonstrations, however, were suddenly cut short; for one of the sailors, raising the cast-off rags very gingerly between his finger and

thumb, flung them suddenly overboard. At this sight, Paddy's thanks and blessings were turned into a yell of agony, so wild and unearthly, that a boat was lowered, and the fragmentary article, dripping with brine, was restored to the owner. No wonder he was unwilling to part with it: the rags contained fifteen pounds, the produce of his harvesting in England, and were, in short, his bank.

An old aunt of mine had a curious way of securing her ready money. She would put a number of guineas—for she lived in the days of guineas—or even notes, together, and use them to wind cotton or worsted upon. I often volunteered to use the said cotton or yarn for her benefit, provided I might retain the reels as wages. Her bank, you will see, was her work-basket.

As another instance, I may mention the bank chosen by the wife of a naval officer, also an acquaintance of mine. During her husband's absence at sea, she had managed, by dint of absolute parsimony, to save, unknown to her lord and master, £500 out of her allowance. Anxious for the safety of her hoard, she wished to place it in the bank; but she was afraid to do this, lest her husband should by any means discover her wealth. But then, to keep so large a sum in the house, in any ordinary place of deposit, was dangerous; and she therefore ripped open her mattress, and made a bank of that. Secretly and carefully she managed this little transaction; the feather-bed was replaced on the top, and for a time all went well.

The husband returned to dwell on shore, and the pair reposed on the valuable mattress, one of them little dreaming of what it contained. But the secret was not to be kept long. The lady fell sick; no hope was entertained of her recovery; death seemed close at hand; and she revealed the secret of her bank to her husband, allowing him to draw the whole balance. Bitterly, however, did she repent her haste; for a favourable crisis occurred, and she began to get better. The husband was by no means inclined to allow the mattress to be stuffed anew with such costly materials. He had till now been everything to her a husband could be, and was not a little provoked at his wife's want of confidence. She had the mortification to see the money she had accumulated by denying herself almost common necessities dissipated in folly, and of feeling, besides, that she had lost her husband's trust for ever.

It is needless to add to the list the pot of olives in the *Arabian Nights*, or the score of other deposit-banks of the kind, ancient and modern: all I wanted was to shew those mighty establishments, calling themselves, *par excellence*, Banks—places I have neither courage nor occasion to enter—the original sources of so grand a development. I never pass one of those palaces of Mammon without thinking to myself—see what a brown earthenware money-pig has grown into!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF AN ARMY.

This may seem a strange phrase; but it has more meaning in it than at first sight appears. An army is a sort of family, meeting at a particular time, in a particular place, and for a particular purpose; and most important is it that all this family should look up to the one leader, the *paterfamilias*, for guidance and support—else would it, indeed, be an embodiment of a 'house divided against itself.' The particular purpose for which the members of this family meet is, of course, war—grim war, either defensive or offensive; and the skill, the courage, the swords, the bullets, are mainly directed to this end. But it must be remembered that the hours of actual fighting are few in comparison with those which intervene between the acts of hostility; and the members of this seriously

large family require anxious attention to see that they are provided for, both in the peaceful and the warlike hours. So little is generally known on this matter, that we think it may prove interesting to cull a few bits from a military pamphlet, by Sir R. J. Routh—a commissary-general—not likely to fall in the way of general readers.

It appears, then, from the sketch given by Sir Randolph Routh, that when one of our generals commands a British army on foreign service, there are certain heads or chiefs of departments placed under his command, and are always present where he is. These heads of departments constitute the *Staff*, and the place where they attend upon the commander is called *Head-quarters*. Each has a separate branch of duty; each corresponds directly with the commander; and each issues the commander's orders to the various sections of the army: they all have daily audience with him, and other interviews as frequent as the exigencies of the service may require. The staff is divisible into three classes—*Personal*, *Military*, and *Civil*—having marked characteristics worthy of notice.

Personal Staff.—This consists chiefly of the Aids-de-camp and the Military Secretary. The former are always at the commander's elbow, to gallop off to any particular spot, or to deliver some special orders. The military secretary, whose duties are in great part financial or commercial, carries on the chief correspondence between the commander and the commissary-general, relating to the money, the food, and the daily outgoings of the army.

Military Staff.—The chief of these are the Adjutant-general and the Quartermaster-general. The former of these two is intrusted generally with the discipline of the army, its numerical or effective force, and the promulgation of the orders of the day, or general orders, by which all the military movements are governed. The quartermaster-general is expected to be acquainted with the localities of the country which is or may become the scene of military operations. All march-routes, details of movements, and everything relating to the cantonnement of the army, are under his superintendence. All reports connected with the clothing of the troops; all requisitions for permanent transport to be attached to regiments, and for their necessary field-equipment, are forwarded through him; and the orders of the commander on these subjects are communicated by the quartermaster-general to the army. Besides these two members of the military staff, the commander is attended at head-quarters by the senior officers of artillery and engineers; the one to consult with his superior on all matters relating to the disposition and force of the cannon, and the other to give advice, and receive orders, concerning the movements of the sappers and miners, and also of the pontoon train. Both officers are likely to have their services called into frequent requisition on occasion of a siege, or of intrenchments, or of the passage of rivers, or of the destruction or the reparation of bridges.

Civil Staff.—This comprises the Inspector-general of Hospitals and the Commissary-general. The former of these is charged with the care of the health of the army, the organisation of hospitals, the choice of their location, prompt assistance in the field of battle, the supply of drugs and medicines, the attendance of surgeons and nurses, the supply of ambulances and sick-convoys—all these matters are, or ought to be, under the care of the inspector-general of hospitals. As to the commissary-general, his duties are of still more vital importance, for the daily sustenance of the soldiers depends upon his exertions. He is responsible, in all its extensive meaning, for the supply of the army. He has to provide the money; he has to pay the troops; he has to victual them; and he has to furnish the means of transport. The materials for besieging, the

heavy guns, the various stores, the ammunition, the field-equipment, the provisions for the men, the forage for the horses, the removal of the sick, the clothing and other necessities to the regiments—all have to be moved from place to place by means of transport, which the commissary-general must provide. He is the only member of the army, except the commander, who may correspond directly with the home government, or with the authorities of the country occupied by the army. It is one of the anomalies of the English system that the commissary-general is a civil officer—a department, as it were, of the Treasury, very little under the control of the commander of the army. The reader will scarcely need to be reminded, that one of the consequences of the ferment raised in the autumn of 1854, concerning the state of the army in the Crimea, was the transfer of the commissariat from the Treasury to the Ministry of War; but the new state of things has hardly yet been brought into working-order.

Such are the officers of the staff—the great people, the drawing-room members of the military family, the occupants of head-quarters. The army itself, in the field, is composed of *corps*, *divisions*, and *brigades*; two or more brigades form a division, and two or more divisions constitute a corps. If the army be small, it may comprise only one corps, composed of divisions and brigades, or sometimes only of brigades and regiments. In a mountainous or thinly-peopled country, an army may sometimes virtually consist of little more than a regiment, subdivided into wings, which are placed under separate commands.

In moving from one town to another, we are told, an officer of the quartermaster-general's department precedes the march, accompanied usually by an officer of the commander's personal staff, and the brigade quartermasters, who, with the assistance of the magistrates, allot the billets or quarters to the staff; and districts of the town are given over to the several brigades and regiments, to be subdivided among themselves under the authority of the proper officers. The quarters of the staff are fixed with reference not to rank alone, but with a view to the convenience of the duties to be discharged. The quarters of the commissariat are chosen in a situation where the carts and other vehicles attached to it can be accommodated, and where the deliveries of food to the troops may occasion the least possible obstruction. The guns and carriages of the artillery are posted in some open place, having free access to the road; an officer of artillery goes in advance to take up this ground. A guard-room is marked out in a central situation, and alarm-posts assigned to the several corps. The quartermaster-general's department places the outposts, the pickets, and vedettes. The same department, during a march, sees that the column is well formed, and the several corps, the artillery, the baggage, &c., are in their proper places, and not separated by too wide intervals. The quartermaster-general is provided with guides and an interpreter, who, when permanently employed, receive a fixed rate of pay. The following gives us a queer notion of what it must be to have officers billeted in one's house:—'The owner of the billet or quarter is expected to provide a bed and one or more rooms, according to the rank of the officer, as well as salt, fire, and water. Foreign officers usually join the domestic circle of the families where they are lodged; and this practice, by associating the army with the inhabitants, is said to induce a reciprocity of good feeling.'

The use of camp-equipage depends on a variety of circumstances. Unless the stay in a particular locality is to be of long continuance, little is required except an hospital marquee and a few small bell-tents for the senior officers of the staff. If there is any house in the vicinity, the commander generally places himself under a roof. During one part of the Peninsular campaign, the troops carried tents with them; while in the

campaign in Alentejo and Estremadura, no tents whatever were used—the troops bivouacking for the most part in woods within easy access of water.

Whenever, instead of moving merely from one town to another, an army has to penetrate into or occupy a district of country, the quartermaster-general's officers have to busy themselves; they must gallop about, and obtain all sorts of particulars concerning the hills, plains, woods, rivers, lakes, canals, fords, marshes, roads, passes, posts, positions, population, resources, and accommodation.

Sir R. J. Routh gives a sketch of the plan usually marked out for a British army, when landing on a hostile coast. The landing is effected in the boats belonging to the navy which brought the army to the spot. On the day of disembarkation, every man is furnished with three days' provisions cooked; and the boats, with the troops on board, with their arms and ammunition, move forward at a given signal. On approaching the coast, as soon as there is about two feet of water, or at such moment as the officer in command may see fit, the men leap from the boats at the sound of the bugle, and, advancing rapidly, form on the beach. The boats then return for reinforcements. As soon as the troops have made good their landing, the commissary-general makes his arrangements for disembarking the stores, and selecting the most convenient magazines for their custody. A large dépôt is formed at the point of disembarkation, or at some convenient post in its vicinity, so as to maintain a ready and secure communication with the sea. This dépôt consists chiefly of the articles supplied from home for the outfit and provisioning of the army. The nearest town becomes the receptacle of the heavy baggage and regimental dépôts; and a healthy and commodious site is selected for the establishment of an hospital. The pontoons and camp-equipage are placed under the charge of an officer of ordnance. Then begins the anxious labours of the commissary; he has supplied the troops with three days' provisions on landing, but he must be prepared with new stores before these are exhausted, and he has to discover how to make the newly-invaded country feed the army. It does not fall within our purpose here to trace the commissary in his daily labours, nor to say a word concerning the fighting which may be in store for the soldiers; it is the organisation of the red-coated family alone that here engages us.

The subdivisions by which the domestic economy of this family is carried out are numerous, both as to bodies of men and officers to command them. There are divisions and brigades, squadrons and companies, regiments and battalions; there are heavy dragoons and light dragoons, lancers and hussars, horse-guards and life-guards, heavy infantry and light infantry, grenadiers, fusileers, Coldstreamers, regiments of the line, sappers and miners, horse-artillery, foot-artillery, and so forth—all adapted for particular exigencies and duties on the field of battle. But it is not of our whole military establishment, in its completeness, that we are here speaking, but of the daily routine of that compact body which may form an army on active service at any given time. Take the bivouac as one of the most singular items in this domestic economy; for it is indeed domestic, since it is a hasty preparation of open-air bedrooms for many thousand men. This term, it appears, derived from a German word implying watchfulness, was originally applied to the strong parties of cavalry which were posted beyond the lines of intrenchment, in order to watch the motions of the enemy, and prevent any attempt to approach the army by surprise; and because the soldiers thus employed passed the night in the open air, the term was subsequently used to denote the condition of any body of troops when in the field, and not regularly encamped under tents. Until the French Revolution, bivouacking

an army was very little known; the troops either quartered themselves in the towns and villages, or carried tents under which they might sleep. Napoleon, however, accustomed his soldiers to move so rapidly from place to place, that tents would have encumbered them; hence the men became accustomed to bivouac; and hence many of Napoleon's victories, from the celerity of his movements compared with those of other generals. When the men halt for the night to bivouac, they keep up blazing fires of wood from the neighbouring forests, if forests be near; they pile their arms, and the troops place themselves in groups, each around its own proper fire. The men sit or lie upon straw, if it can be procured, and endeavour to shelter themselves from wind or rain by boughs or boards, or anything that comes nearest to hand. It is in these handy little appliances that the French are said to excel all other soldiers. If the army remain on the spot several days, the men may perhaps be able to construct something like rude huts for their better shelter; and if they can bivouac in the streets or gardens of a town in inclement weather, it is a little less severe than in the open country. If an army is making a hasty retreat, the bivouac is of the most wretched kind; the poor fellows snatch perhaps an hour or two's sleep, as they have to snatch their food from any and every source that may offer. During the Peninsular war, the British troops frequently, in fine weather, bivouacked under the magnificent cork-trees of that country, presenting picturesque bits of scenes in the midst of the glorious old trunks and rich foliage.

That very important item in domestic economy, the larder, is of course a difficult matter to manage in respect to an army far from home. This we shall notice on an early occasion.

THE MAN-MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

THE captain of the French schooner *Andrienne*, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives us the following sketch of a tame monkey:—

A short time ago, I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored chimpanzee of Mr Vanneck, a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the wood. Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonderful, that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He, therefore, proposed to me to call with him on Mr Vanneck. I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm-trees, and at length observed the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlour, hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr Vanneck, reclining on an easy-chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralysed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming: 'How wonderful!' for the manner and processes of the animal were those of a practised tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which shewed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing Madame Jasmin, whom Mr Vanneck introduced as his neighbour.

Madame Jasmin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years; who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr Vanneck's glance was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it with his left paw, and threaded the needle again. Mr Vanneck then turned to him, and speaking in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us: 'Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor.'

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clever housemaid. I could now perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a coloured shirt, a jacket, and a red neckerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well-bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray. Mr Vanneck took out his watch, and shewed it to the monkey: it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in mind that it was then his master required his luncheon. If the watch was shewn to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the luncheon being called for, he got fidgety, and at last ran and brought it: in this case, he was always rewarded with some sugar-plums.

You have no notion, said Mr Vanneck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes: he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw-hat, but never without making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly.

'Jack,' exclaimed Mr Vanneck, pointing to me, 'this gentleman wants his handkerchief.' The monkey drew it from my pocket, and handed it to me.

'Now, shew your room to my guests,' continued his master; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a mattress, a table, some chairs, drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went, and reappeared with his master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile, I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder-flask and the shot-bag, and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword-exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talent for tuition. We stayed supper, to which there came some more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man-servant. Going

home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from the pocket; and on being afterwards convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master.

TRUE SUCCESS IN LIFE.

It is said, that amongst the middle-class of this country, 'the life of a man who leaves no property or family provision, of his own acquiring, at his death, is felt to have been a failure.' There are many modes in which the life of an industrious, provident, and able man may have been far other than 'a failure,' even in a commercial point of view, when he leaves his family with no greater money-inheritance than that with which he began the world himself. He may have preserved his family, during the years in which he has lived amongst them, in the highest point of efficiency for future production. He may have consumed to the full extent of his income, producing but accumulating no money-capital for reproductive consumption; and indirectly, but not less certainly, he may have accumulated whilst he has consumed, so as to enable others to consume profitably. If he have had sons, whom he has trained to manhood, bestowing upon them a liberal education, and causing them to be diligently instructed in some calling which requires skill and experience, he is an accumulator. If he have had daughters, whom he has brought up in habits of order and frugality, apt for all domestic employments, instructed themselves, and capable of carrying forward the duties of instruction, he has reared those who, in the honourable capacity of wife, mother, and mistress of a family, influence the industrial powers of the more direct labourers in no small degree; and being the promoters of all social dignity and happiness, create a noble and virtuous nation. By the capital thus spent in enabling his children to be valuable members of society, he has accumulated a fund out of his consumption which may be productive at a future day. He has postponed his money-contribution to the general stock, but he has not withheld it altogether. He has not been the 'wicked and slothful servant.' On the other hand, many a man, whose life, according to the mere capitalist doctrine, has not been 'a failure,' and who has taught his family to attach only a money-value to every object of creation, bequeaths to the world successors whose rapacity, ignorance, unskillfulness, and improvidence, will be so many charges upon the capital of the nation. He that has been weak enough, according to this 'middle-class' doctrine, not to believe that the whole business of man is to make a 'muck-hill,' may have spent existence in labours, public or private, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; but his life is 'a failure!' The greater part of the clergy, of the bar, of the medical profession, of the men of science and literature, of the defenders of their country, of the resident gentry, of the aristocracy, devote their minds to high duties, and some to heroic exertions, without being inordinately anxious to guard themselves against such 'a failure.' It would, perhaps, be well if some of those who believe that all virtue is to be solved into pounds sterling, were to consider that society demands from 'the money-making classes' a more than ordinary contribution, not to indiscriminate benevolence, but to those public instruments of production—educational institutions, improved sanitary arrangements—which are best calculated to diminish the interval between the very rich and the very poor.—*Charles Knight's Knowledge is Power.*

THE ENRICHED WOODMAN.

For some short time past, a circumstance that appeared strange has attracted my attention. I daresay you remember my speaking to you of a house covered with thatch, of the thatch covered with moss, of the ridge of the roof crowned with iris, which was to be seen from a certain point in my garden. Well, for several days I perceived the house was shut up, and I asked my servant: 'Does not the woodman live up yonder now?' 'No, sir; he has been gone nearly two months. He is become rich; he has inherited a property of 600 livres a year; and he is gone

to live in town.' He is become rich! that is to say, that with his 600 livres a year he is gone to live in a little apartment in the city; without air and without sun, where he can neither see the heavens, nor the trees, nor the verdure, where he will breathe unwholesome air, where his prospect will be confined to a paper of dirty yellow, embellished with chocolate arabesques. He is become rich! He is become rich! that is to say, he is not allowed to keep his dog which he had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers of the house. He lodges in a sort of square box; he has people on the right hand and on the left, above him and below him. He has left his beautiful cottage and his beautiful trees, and his sun and his grass carpet so green, and the song of the birds and the odour of the oaks. He is become rich! He is become rich! Poor man!—*A Tour Round my Garden.*

THE DEAD CZAR.

LAY him beneath his snows,
The great Norse-giant, who in these last days
Troubled the nations. Gather decently
His emperor's robes about him. 'Tis but man—
This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man.
It is—a little dust; that will corrupt
As fast as any nameless dust that lies
'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

No vineyard grave for him! No quiet bones
By river-margin laid, where o'er far seas
Do children's prayers and women's memories come,
Like angels, and sit by the sepulchre,
Saying: 'All these were men who knew to count,
Front-faced, the cost of Honour, nor did shrink
From its full payment; knowing how to die
They died—as men.'

But this man?—Ah! for him
Pale solemn state, church chantings, funerals grand,
The stony-wombed sarcophagus, and then
Oblivion.

No—oblivion were renown
To that fierce howl which rolls from land to land
Exulting: 'Art thou fallen, Lucifer,
Son of the Morning?' Or condemning: 'Thus
Perish the wicked.' Or blaspheming: 'Here
Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,
Our Pharaoh—he whose heart God hardened,
So that he would not let the people go.'

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man
Was but as other men; you, Levite small,
Who shut your sainted ears and prate of hell,
When, outside church-doors, congregations poor
Praise Heaven in their own way; you, Autocrat
Of all the hamlet, who add field to field,
And house to house, whose slavish children cower
Before your tyrant footstep; or you, fierce
Fanatic, and ambitious egotist,
Who think God stoops from His great universe
To lay His finger on your puny head,
And crown it, that you henceforth loud parade
Your maggots through all the wondering world,
'I am the Lord's anointed!'

Fools and blind!
This Czar—this Emperor—this dethroned corpse,
Lying so straightly in an icy calm
Grandeur than sovereignty, was but as ye;
No better, and no worse—Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him—Death's peace
Be on his memory! Mercy by his bier
Sits silent; or says only in meek words:
'Let him who is without sin 'mongst you all,
Cast the first stone.'

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 329 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by J. M'GLASHAN, 50 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.